

HAYTI'S FIRST AVIATION MEET A TRIUMPH FOR U. S. AIR SQUADRON

THE FLYING FIELD AND SOME SPECTATORS

Natives Watch Evolutions with Delight, Recovered from the Fear Caused by Appearance of Earlier Machines

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

PORT AU PRINCE, Haiti, Aug. 12.

ONE hundred and eighteen years ago from the time that Toussaint l'Ouverture crowned his campaign against Gen. Leclerc, brother-in-law of the great Napoleon, and proclaimed Haiti as a republic, the first aviation meet ever held under Haiti's skies drew all of Port au Prince's official and social life to Bowen Field a few days ago.

Named after Lieut. J. G. Bowen of the Marine Corps, who was killed in a crash near the town of Mirabelais in 1920, the flying field of the Fourth Air Squadron lies on the northern outskirts of Haiti's capital in the section locally known as Bel Air. A few hundred yards away a cooling breeze was wrinkling the blue waters of the bay. Behind the field the precipitous mountains of the Sierra de Selle range towered up to a height of 5,000 feet within two hours' drive. Off to the north a glaring white road to the plains of the Cul-de-Sac stretched under the cream colored Arche de Triomphe of Haiti's capital, a unique setting in which the planes of the Fourth Air Squadron under the command of Major Francis T. Evans made new history for Haiti under the eyes of her President.

It has been a little more than seven years since the American occupation has been established, and in that time the planes of the marine squadrons have crossed every valley and range of the island. They have carried mail to the isolated hill stations, passengers to points that were inaccessible in the rainy seasons, ferried courts and inspecting officers to rural districts, and have been used to transport the sick and wounded leathernecks to the field hospitals at Port au Prince on the south and Cape Haitien on the north. But never before had the allurements of a modern, thrilling aviation meet been dangled before the eyes of a Haitian.

Natives Attacked First Machine as White Bat

The attitude of the masses, the 95 per cent, that can neither read nor write and still live a life of Congo primitiveness, toward the "arrowplanes," as the Creole now calls them, had after their first sight been one of indifference. The first sight of an "arrowplane" had stamped crowded market places into the nearest church or driven terrified folk into their caves. Once they learned, however, that they were not the great, white bats that they at first took them for, the planes were accepted with stolid indifference. A band of natives had at-



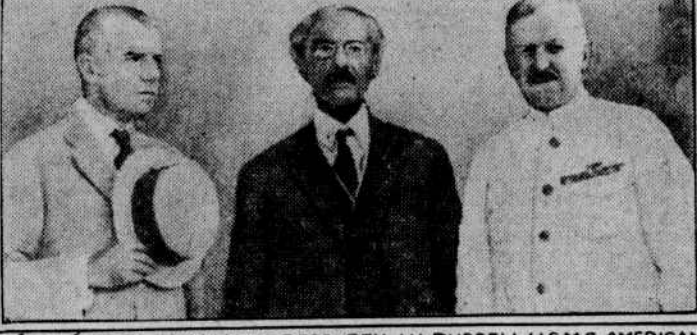
BOWEN FIELD PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI.

tacked the first plane that fell during the period of military operations, killing the mechanic on guard, and then proceeded to destroy the White Bat by piercing its fuselage with machetes, thinking that thereby they would kill the White Bat. The motor and other parts were untouched, and the plane afterward flown back in safety without repairs to the gashed fabric.

Now, however, anything that the "blanches" do they accept as beyond their comprehension and therefore beyond their worry. As they reason in their meager Creole vocabulary: "Why should we wonder? Cannot the 'blanches' do anything they wish on sea, land or air?"

With the cultured classes, however, the 5 per cent—Senator Pomerene estimates it as low as 2 per cent—there was a lively interest evinced when the American High Commissioner, Brig.-Gen. John H. Russell, invited the representatives of Port au Prince's official and social set to attend the meet on Bowen Field. President Louis Borno, the members of his Cabinet, the head of the Council of State and the head of the Court of Cassation, Haiti's highest judiciary, were the guests of honor. Mme. Borno, wife of the President, headed the social leaders of the native colony in their Parisian frocks and hats that added a brilliant touch of color to the unique assemblage.

The American circles included the treaty officials, Col. Theodore P. Kane, commanding the First Brigade of Marines, and his staff mingled with the families of the marine and gendarme forces were the diplomatic



Left to right—CIVILIAN DRESS, GEN. J.H. RUSSELL, U.S.M.C. AMERICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER TO HAITI, LOUIS F. BORNO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI, COLONEL T.P. KANE, BRIGADE COMMANDER.

and consular representatives of the foreign Powers. In front of a canvas hangar decorated with flags, palms and roses the invited guests were seated along the same side of the field, marines and gendarmes mingled with the humble "gooks" as the leatherneck has rechristened the peasant of Haiti. In all there was a crowd numbering more than 2,000 and the growing good feeling between the natives of all classes and the occupation forces was one of the most significant features of the crowded afternoon.

Sky Ambulance Thrills Crowd at Aviation Meet

The program began with a formation flight in De Havillands and the next event proved one of the most interesting on the card. Out from the cul-de-sac to the northeast flew an ambulance plane specially fitted for the transport of hospital cases. It made a perfect landing and a motor ambulance rolled smartly alongside.

Out from the fuselage of the big plane navy hospital corps men lifted a metal stretcher in which was strapped a husky marine. A naval surgeon popped out of the space between the rear cockpit and the head of the stretcher and superintended the transfer of his simulated patient into the ambulance.

The following event held the native colony breathless, for from a bombing plane flying well overhead came a sudden burst of machine gun fire. On the far side of the field was a target set at an angle and the tracer bullets from the Lewis gun literally ate it up while it wove its pattern of dust spots behind the ridged target. The target demolished, the plane turned and made for position above the gravel outlined deck plan of a submarine. Hovering above it dropped dummy bombs, and as they struck a small detonating charge of black powder signaled each hit.

On the fringes of the crowd stood slowly and at times with hardships and perils in the rainy seasons.

was hangar came a quick burst of applause.

The announcer, Top Sergeant Berry of the squadron, a leatherneck with a fair for quick wit, saw one bomb bursting on the edge of a green of the new golfing course that touches on the aviation field. From the deck of his long eared burro, whose gray coat had been camouflaged in zebra stripes, he megaphoned:

"Col. Kane makes the third hole in one!" and the American contingent howled its delight.

Then followed the star event of the meet, when two scout planes took off side by side from the field in front of the President. One they had gained their altitude they separated, one passing overhead, piloted by Major Rowell, simulating an enemy plane. The other pilot, Lieut. Hall, came into view demonstrating the latest pursuit tactics with nose dives, side slips and other hair raising approaches and the "gooks" on the sidelines rolled their eyes in wonder. The "dog fight" was on in earnest with the two scouts maneuvering for positions for the use of machine gun fire, spirals, side slips, spins, Immelmans, wingovers and cart wheels following in swift succession.

Then abruptly the enemy plane came down in a tail spin like a crippled bird while the victor celebrated by a series of dizzy stunts that included loops, barrel rolls, falling leaves and other spectacular feats known to the skilled aviator.

Still another surprise was in store for the Haitian contingent now on the quiver for further thrills. A parachute ship made its approach and from a dizzy height released its parachute. It opened out into a white mushroom and beneath it dangled a figure with arms and legs outspread.

"Pussy Foot Johnson arriving in Haiti after a long dry spell!" bellowed the announcer and the cleverly built dummy folded up on the ground with the collapsible effect of a stranger who had finished his last "third rail" potion. Then, while the native contingent was still recovering from the shock, a dozen marines of the squadron ran out in clown costumes and in a few seconds had the light hearted natives on the sidelines crowded with laughter, while the sophisticated upper class greeted the antics with delight. Headed by the top sergeant of the ready wit, who was dressed like a belle of a native village astride his zebra mount, the clowns went through their roles. One, camouflaged behind a miniature plane, performed some startling and comical stunts on the ground in imitation of tail spins and other aerial acrobatics, and when their part of the show had been completed the guests of honor, headed by the President and Mme. Borno, were escorted to the commissariat, still convulsed with laughter, began an inspection of the field.

It soon developed that President Borno, though he has not left Haiti since the occupation began, was remarkably well versed in the merits of the Liberty motor and well informed on aviation in general. At the end of his inspection he personally met and congratulated all of the pilots and made no attempt to conceal his enthusiasm, or to speak with conviction of the importance of the event. He said that a plane that annihilated the distances that without it must be traveled slowly and at times with hardships and perils in the rainy seasons.

LADY RHONDDA URGES ALL WOMEN TO UNITE

ADVISES PEACE

Points to the Example of Suffrage Conservatives and Militants, Now Working Together Harmoniously in Great Britain.

VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA would like to remind American women—if she didn't think they would consider it an impertinence on her part—that in union there is strength. It's a good old "Star Spangled Banner" maxim. Her British sisters are finding it so in their efforts to put through certain equal rights measures. Cooperation, coordination and combination will win what separate energies fail, the distinguished visitor believes.

She made a point of the solidarity of women in an interview given at her retreat on the Connecticut shore. This first peepers in her own right to make application for a seat in the House of Lords, a request denied later, arrived in America last week and astonished everybody by coming unheralded, without so much as having her name listed among the passengers and without being interviewed by ship news reporters.

New York and its readers aren't used to this extreme modesty and retirement. They felt as though they had been cheated when a peeress slipped right through their hands at her spending less than twenty-four hours at the Hotel Plaza and then turning her back on Broadway, Fifth avenue and Central Park.

Viscountess Evades Publicity, But Will Talk Graciously

There is this about Viscountess Rhondda, she evades publicity when she wants a rest and can evade it, but when confronted by an interviewer she is graciousness itself. She was more interested in finding out how she was discovered at Stonington Manor Inn, half an hour beyond New London, than in whether her inherited nobility is to gain recognition. After all it is five weeks, at the most, before she can resume that fight, for she is here on a vacation and nothing is to be permitted to spoil her rest and enjoyment.

You are not at all surprised that Viscountess Rhondda is determined to fight for her peeress's right when you see her. She is far from aggressive, but she is commanding and firm. She is taller than the average woman, her figure is well rounded, her brown eyes are sparkling and full of humor, her dark hair is brushed softly back from her face and worn twisted in a knot low in her neck, and she has beautifully shaped, strong, firm hands that speak volumes in their grip.

The night of the interview she was seated with her companion from England, Miss Pridden, who is head mistress of a girls' school, on the veranda of the inn in a half subdued light. The Viscountess wore a black dress



VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA. © BY RETORTONE

cut round at the neck and with half sleeves. In front of her on the chintz covered table were piles of books—she said they had brought over a trunkful—playing cards, a box of brownish colored cigarettes and a vase of old fashioned garden flowers.

"I am reveling in the flowers; they are wonderful," she remarked, making a sweeping gesture toward numerous other tables, vacant as to guests but each decorated with a similar vase. "And this is the quietest spot on earth. You hear no traffic, no sound of any kind; you are as far away from the outside world as well as we desire to be, for we have come over for a vacation and we are going back in time for Miss Pridden to begin the school term."

"No, I am not going to lecture, though America pays well for that sort of thing, I hear"—this with a smile—"nor am I going to make any speeches. After my rest I am going back to work eight hours a day in my office and give as much time as I can to the woman's movement at home. Oh, yes, I shall continue my fight for a seat in the House of Lords and I feel sure I shall win it. It isn't a thing that can be accomplished by introducing a measure, it has to be done by the Government. The Government must change its attitude toward women before the twenty-four peeresses in their own right can take their places in the House."

"Our Government needs women to help run it," the Viscountess continued. "Lady Astor and Lady Wintingham have helped marvelously to advance the cause of woman already. If we had more women in Parliament things would move faster. Yet we are grateful to these two for all they have done. There may be one or two women elected to sit with them, but not every woman is qualified to represent a constituency in Parliament, and the men do not always give them an equal

chance. But the day is coming when we will have a much larger representation."

"In England we have massed ourselves for the furtherance of the woman's cause—equality with men in every way. I believe in cooperation; I believe in burying all differences for the sake of working together for one definite cause. The militants of suffrage days and their conservative sisters are working hand in hand now in the interests of equality. The woman who set fire to a letter box filled with paraffin and who went to jail and was released after a hunger strike, has laid aside her radicalism and is working in a friendly and helpful way with the woman who was horrified at militancy. 'It's the only way to get what you want. If women don't stand together, who is there to help them? First you must show that women want and demand certain rights before you can prove to men that it is time to grant them their desires.'"

"Is that a message to the women here?" the Viscountess was asked. "Not a direct message. I do not want to suggest anything to American women because I feel that they manage their own affairs very well," she replied. "But any one knows that solidarity counts. I hear that your women are divided into two big antagonistic organizations, both with the same aims. That is too bad. If they combined their efforts think how much more impressive and effective they would be."

"The League of Women Voters which is the conservative organization, is known in England. We hear of them and their work from our women who visit America and from your women who visit us. They are a splendid set of workers."

"Then there is the other half, the National Woman's party, I think you call it, which is the militant body and which is seeking the same measures for its women and children as the other."

Equality of Sex Is Central Aim Of 65 Groups of English Women

In our organization are represented sixty-five groups of women, and you can imagine that some are utterly opposed to others in many principles but for equality of sex they are at one. Harmony is important. There are no political party groups in our consolidated organization. We are non-partisan and pro-woman.

"Do you think women realize how important it is to stand together? Do you think they understand how much they have to fight against before they receive an even chance? I wonder."

"Lady Astor, as so popular over here as she is in England," the Viscountess volunteered. "She is clever, brilliant, quick and sound. During her stay in America she studied your women's congress methods and when she returned to England she suggested that our consultative committee, which is composed of one or more representatives from each of the sixty-five women's organizations working for equal rights, adopt some of them. We have done so, for they are better than ours. So, you see, we can give and take, we two nations of women."

"I wish we had more women like Lady Astor and Lady Wintingham in Parliament. However, they represent the entering wedge of freedom. It will be a slower process in the House of Lords. It was Lord Bickenhead who spoiled my chances. He's a powerful man with the Government."

This is a provision that many litigants in white men's courts would envy. Within twenty days after a decision by the peacemakers an appeal can be taken to the Select Council or to the Tonawanda Six Chiefs.

The Indians have a treasurer to look after their funds, including the annuities paid to them by the United States and the State of New York. They have a tribal clerk who keeps the records.

Under the Indian law the Indians are liable for taxation only when they are a freeholder and own as a freeholder real property to the value of more than \$100. The reservations which the Indians own in common are not subject to taxation. The Onondaga chief raises this point that the only taxation he is liable to is that provided by the Indian treaties and the Indian law, which says nothing about running automobile buses.

Women May Be Entitled to Vote for Tribal Chief

A decision on the effect of United States and State laws on Indian laws involves the question of Indian woman suffrage. Under the Indian law only male Indians 21 years of age or older can vote for chiefs, councillors and peace makers. The last edition of the Indian law contains no amendment striking out the word "male." Since the Indian law was passed woman suffrage has become part of the Constitution of the United States and part of the law of the State of New York. There is no record in the digested decisions on the Indian law of any squaw raising the question of her right to vote or of attempting to vote.

Many of these Indians have attained a high state of civilization and are intelligent and good business men. They are industrious. The two difficulties that the State authorities have had with them is to prevent the use of intoxicating liquor by the Indians and to make the Indians observe the fish and game laws. The Indian reservations are so large that much of the land is wild forest land and it has been possible for white men with the Indians' connivance to make moonshine to the demoralization of the Indians. There have been several prosecutions for this offense.

It is almost impossible to compel the Indians to obey the fish and game laws. They feel that the game is a natural source of food supply and that under their treaties they have the right to do all the hunting and fishing they please at any time they please on their reservations. This is one of the few instances in which a dispute between white men and Indians the State courts have not in whole or in part sustained the Indians' position.

CUPID'S COURT IS ADJOURNED WITHOUT DATE, ITS MATINGS MUST NOW STAND TEST OF TIME

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

HAMMONTON, N. J., Aug. 19.

FTER thinking it over carefully and talking to some of our leading citizens, THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent is compelled to write that Tom Delker's and Lew Conley's Cupid's Court was not the success it was scheduled to be. Eleven or twelve elderly gentlemen were paired off with an equal amount of plump and no longer young femininity.

There is no telling how these pairings will turn out. To be fair to Tom and Lew, it must be said that they did their damndest for their clients, but somehow or other the business of marrying off the world was full of difficulties. Tom and Lew say that they are going right ahead mating folks.

Tom says he'll close up his editorial offices for a while if necessary and Lew says he's willing to resign as a copy store for the benefit of lonely men and women. They say they are going to hold a session of the court in Atlantic City or Camden or New York next Thursday, but it seems as though the Lovers Cooperative Union is defunct. It was too good to last.

Tom and Lew are altruists, all right, but inexperienced. Mrs. Helen Long Rodgers, judge of the court, quit in a huff Thursday and Lew O'Donnell, the politician and telegraph operator, threw up his job as foreman of the jury. Trouble is that Tom, who runs our newspaper, the South Jersey Star, and Lew, who used to be our best baseball player, expected too much of human nature.

Get the Raspberry Instead Of Three Rousing Cheers

They figured that folks were going to give them three rousing cheers, but the truth is they received the raspberry instead. As Tom put it, the moment you try to give folks something for nothing, they holler for a cop. Maybe there will be another session of Cupid's Court because there are folks mean enough to say that Tom and Lew plan to take the show on the road and give other towns publicity. But there is no truth in the rumor that Tom and Lew are negotiating with the chambers of commerce of a lot of tank towns in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Besides, they haven't any patent on the idea. Any one can start a court anywhere.

"There are a number of folks in this world," says Tom, "who are not inclined to take Lew and me seriously. And then, again, there are a lot who understand what Lew and I are trying to do with this Cupid's Court of ours."

"It's all right for the cornfed family men and housewives to go around saying that Tom Delker and Lew Conley ought to be ashamed of themselves matching old maids and old bachelors, widows and widowers and thereby paying the way for more discord and strife in a war weary world. Some krouch did say that. But I'm telling you that a man gets danged tired stoking up on hash and trusting to nails and safety pins instead of buttons. 'I'm one of them. And a woman who has lost the guiding hand of a loving husband ain't going right. She needs her natural guardian and that means a husband. And that's what Lew and I aim to do—provide husbands and fathers for the widows and orphans and the tender administrations of a loving wife for the over-hashed widower and bachelor.'"

Hammonton Is Town New Jersey People Can Be Proud of

A lot of folks around this town are sort of down on Tom and Lew for their industrious efforts to marry the population off, but Tom and Lew aren't sensitive. Trouble is that some of the old conservatives think Tom and Lew's Cupid's Court is going to have the country thinking that Hammonton, N. J., is full of red radicals or some thing like that, whereas the truth is that Ocean Grove of a Sunday afternoon is a sick of iniquity compared with Hammonton.

Early last week most of the ladies of the town got together on Bellevue avenue from time to time, meeting during the morning marketing hour and just before supper, like the women folks will in any town of Hammonton's size, and while there were no resolutions drawn up nor motion put so that the whole lot of them could vote on it, they agreed that Tom and Lew would not have their support, and that any of their husbands who went to this Cupid's Court of Tom and Lew's was going to find himself in good hot water at home.

No, Hammonton wasn't for Tom and Lew in this Cupid's Court business. Good American citizens of the Gen. Grant era, down this way. Honest folks get up at 6 and have a whoping big breakfast and then get busy on the job, whatever it is. Have dinner at noon and supper at 6. Church and Sabbath School of a Sunday with the congregation doing the singing and no damned nonsense at election times, either. Democrat or Republican, and none of this Socialism foolishness. Only flag floating in the air is the Stars and Stripes, too. Something queer about this internationalism folks are talking about, and until it shows something that doesn't sound like broken English Hammonton is going to continue being a dinner at noon American community.

So nine-tenths of the audience at the first sitting of Cupid's court on Wednesday morning were reporters and photographers from New York and Philadelphia, and The New York Herald's local correspondent stood over by Buzby's grocery watching them as they came out laughing. Tom says that night on to 1,200 women folks have written him yearning letters and begging him to stake them to a husband. Some of them have had two or three husbands already, and Mrs. Helen Long Rodgers, who drives the Central Bakery Wagon, got Lew awfully sore on Wednesday night by yelling:

"What's the matter with them dames, Lew? Found they couldn't pick for themselves, so getting you and Tom to pick for 'em, hey?"

Lew used to be a professional baseball player. Played on the home team here in the South Jersey League for sixteen years and came near playing with the big team up in Camden. So Lew's pretty husky and the crowd around the cigar store every night sort of go easy on Lew these days. If Lew had caught Hen last Wednesday night he'd have knocked him for a crate of crabapples if your correspondent knows Lew Conley.

Score Is 1,200 Forlorn Women To Only 1,000 Men on List

As we said before, night on to 1,200 women folks have asked Lew and Tom to get them husbands and more than 1,000 men have written in saying that they wouldn't mind taking another crack at the marriage game providing the woman comes up to specifications in each and every respect.

"We have here," says Tom, who was all dressed up in a linen collar and the pants he wore before he was sick last winter and lost weight, "we have here a lady who lives in Lima, Ohio. She says she ain't all-fired particular, yet she won't take any old rascally Lord knows where. Fifty-seven, she says she is, and a widow with five grown children, all self-supporting. Loving, homemaking widow weighing 168 and measuring 5 feet 2. What am I to do?"

Telegram Causes Diversion And Also a Little Trouble

Tom sprang the Lima widow the first session and before Lew Conley, who presented the other side to the jury (it was something like a card game with Tom leading queens and Lew coming back at him with kings, while the jury took it all in and called a halt when they saw a mating), could answer policeman Nick Pacetti comes down the aisle with an envelope in his hand.

"Telegram for Tom Delker," announces Nick, who is a good friend of

THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent and from whom I can get the latest town news any time you ask for it.

"Let's have it," says Tom. "Ten cents first," says Nick. "What for?" demands Tom. "Didn't say," says Nick, "only they told me to collect ten cents."

"Give the officer ten cents, Lew," says Tom. "Say," replies Lew Conley, whose cigar store is well known by your correspondent. "When was I elected treasurer of this Lovers' Cooperative Union. I'm president, I am, and not treasurer. You can't elect a man treasurer unless he is a candidate first."

Tom was rummaging around in his pants pocket, the pants being too big for him, as I said before, but doesn't scare up a dime.

Changes His Clothes, Leaving Tom Without Even a Dime

"Oh, go on and slip him the dime, Lew," says Tom. "I changed my clothes last night and left all my money in my other suit." "Well, why didn't you say you didn't have a dime?" demands Lew. "Who said I didn't have a dime, but in my other suit?" shouts Tom.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," breaks in Mrs. Helen Long Rodgers, the court's judge, and who is the wife of Hammonton's leading jeweler. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," says she. "At that Lew slips Nick the dime and Tom accepts the telegram."

"Cut my name off the list," it reads. "My husband has returned home." "Now that a case for you," said Tom. "This lady wrote in that she had been a widow for ten years and here her husband shows up. Showed his wisdom too, for she is a fine woman and a good cook. Check the lady off, Lew."

"Check her off yourself," says Lew. "I'm looking after the men folks." "Don't get huffy, Lew," says Tom, "but dig up an honest mate for a lady from Baltimore, who is in mourning for her sweetheart who died twenty-three years ago. Never married. Sweetheart was a tin roofer and fell off the roof of the First Baptist Church of Horan, Neb., dying in the lady's arms that evening. Sad case, this one. Lady took to mourning next day and is wearing it yet, but needs a change. White, 5 feet 10 1/2, 113 pounds and 52 years old. Can cook and liked the feel of the washboard. Ten thousand men in the United States waiting for this lady. It is our job to find one of them—only one."

Two of Sex Captain's Former Wives Die Natural Deaths

"How about No. 437, a retired sea captain who has been married four times, and every time happily?" coun-

tered Lew. "Sounds like a lot of marrying, and as though there was something wrong, but it is all explained here in his questionnaire. First wife, Hongkong lady, died at sea. Second wife, San Francisco widow, died at sea. Third wife, native of Ireland, died a natural death in bed and the fourth wife also died in her bed."

"What seemed to be the trouble," demanded J. Lewis O'Donnell, foreman of the jury. "Seems to me that the law of averages ought to have got the captain in that general raid on his household. When a man loses five wives either he's a tough egg or there's something wrong."

"The gentleman has lost only four wives," corrected Lew. "Wrong, five," retorted Foreman O'Donnell, "because he has lost this lady you're trying to pin on him, as the jury is not going to attach any sensitive soul like her to that over-matched pirate."

"All right," said Lew, "here's a lady who yearns for a gent with a sense of humor. Says he'll have to have one if he married her. Now that's what I call an honest woman. How many women are as honest as that. Man or woman, you've got to have a sense of humor when you get married, but danged few will admit it."

"How much does she weigh?" demanded Foreman O'Donnell. "What's that got to do with it?" "Nothing, but I'm thinking of her as a wife for this undertaker we were trying to fix up. He will have nothing weighing more than 150."

"Better give her this gas meter inspector—No. 366," suggested Tom. "Well, she weighs 194 right now in August," said Lew.

Buxom Widow Willing to Mate With Man Holding a Job

About this time Nick Pacetti came down the aisle again with a special delivery letter. There being no duty to pay, there was no further call on Lew to act as treasurer, so Tom opens it.

"Ah," says Tom, "a widow arrives by special delivery. A blooming, buxom widow who is to be cherished by a gentleman with a steady job. We shall lay her aside until we come across a man worthy of her."

Well, this sort of thing went on for two days. It was so danged funny that your correspondent suggested to Tom that he write to some theatrical manager and get a term. But Tom got sore at that and insisted that he was serious.

It may be all over, but if Tom has his way the court will reopen soon in some other town. Trouble is that Hammonton isn't used to shows and didn't appreciate this one. But there are a lot of folks talking about Hammonton to-day who never heard of it before.

NEW YORK'S INDIAN WARDS GROW MORE NUMEROUS

By WILLIAM M. MURTRIE SPEER.

AN Indian chief who lives on the Onondaga Reservation near Syracuse has refused to pay the Federal tax levied on automobile bus operators. The Collector of Internal Revenue for the Syracuse district has submitted the matter to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

The Indian chief refuses to pay on the ground that Indians are not subject to taxation; that under the treaties between the Onondagas and the United States the Indians are neither citizens of the United States nor aliens, and that the United States or the State of New York has no power over the Indians except as prescribed by the treaties.

There are 475 Indians on the Onondaga Reservation, which comprises 7,300 acres not far from the city of Syracuse. These Indians are increasing in number. There were only 340 on the reservation in 1855. Some Indians live off the reservation, the total number in Onondaga county being 587, an increase of 109 since 1900.

The Indian population has slightly increased in the State of New York in the last twenty years. There are now 5,563 Indians living in forty-two of the sixty-two counties of New York, of whom 4,488 live on the ten Indian reservations. In New York county there are 61 Indians; in Kings, 32; Queens, 47; Bronx, 8; and Richmond, 1. Suffolk county, on the east end of Long Island, has 141 Indians, of whom 112 live on the Shinnecock Reservation near Southampton.

The ten Indian reservations have an area of 90,969 acres. The largest is the Allegany Reservation in Cattaraugus county, which comprises fifty square miles. The next largest is the Cattaraugus Reservation in Erie, Cattaraugus and Chautauque counties, which comprises 21,680 acres. Then there are the Onondaga Reservation in Onondaga county, the St. Regis Reservation in Franklin county on the St. Lawrence, the Tonawanda Reservation near Buffalo and the Tuscarora Reservation near Niagara Falls, besides the Onondaga and the Shinnecock reservations.

Wards of the Nation Occupy Unique Position

The United States pays little attention to these Indians, whose tribal rights are regulated by Chapter 31 of the Laws of 1909, otherwise known as the Indian Law, Chapter 24 of the Consolidated Laws of the State of New York. It was decided by the New York Court of Appeals many years ago that "The Indian is not a citizen." The

United States Supreme Court says "These Indian tribes are wards of the nation." To describe the Indians the United States Supreme Court in the Cherokee Indian case against the State of Georgia coined a new phrase in terming the Indian tribes "domestic dependent nations." The courts also used this language: "They were and always have been regarded as having a semi-independent position when they preserved their tribal relations."

Of the nine principal Indian tribes in the State of New York the Senecas are the most numerous with 2,485, the St. Regis come next with 1,140, they live on the reservation. None of the other tribes exceed 500. The other tribes listed in the official Indian census are the Tuscarora, Onondaga, Mohawk, Shinnecock, Oneida, Cayuga and Abnaki.

The State has made thirty treaties with the Onondagas and many treaties with the other